

HONORNESS TO THE LORD.
WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.
THE
THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.



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An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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CONTENTS:

- Mode of Locomotion, (Illustrated). by E. F. P.
- Giving Away Jimmie, by Mac.
- Chinese Suspension Bridges.
- Our Birthright—Will we Forfeit It? by J. E. Taylor.
- Recollections of my Mission, by J. W.
- My New Zealand Mission, by Alma Greenwood.
- Topics of the Times, by The Editor.
- Editorial Thoughts.
- Bird's Eye View of Modern Rome.
- Gibraltar, by Edward Stevenson.

Vol. 20.

- The Faith and Translation of Enoch, by D. John.
- Brave Little Yankee.
- Lessons for the Little Ones.
- Manifestations of Divine Providence, by M. F. C.
- Blaise's Mistake.
- A Chat with the Boys.
- Beautiful Home, Words by J. L. Townsend, and Music by William Clayson.

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M O D E S O F L O C O M O T I O N .

THE methods of traveling by land and water which are now in vogue in civilized countries are probably the most perfect that have ever been devised by man. For speed, safety and comfort they are unsurpassed by anything we know of either ancient or modern.

Since the discovery was made that steam could be utilized as a motive power, a great change has taken place in the methods of transporting goods and passengers from place to place. Instead of being obliged to move about by means of conveyances drawn by horses or oxen, one can now board a train of cars, to which the "iron horse" is attached, and fly over the surface of the earth at the rate of from forty to sixty miles an hour! In place of the slow-going sailing ships which formerly were the only vessels that traversed the mighty deep, and which had to depend for speed upon the uncontrollable elements of nature, we have steamers that plow through the ocean at a much greater speed, regardless of wind or weather. To be in keeping with the rapid means of travel now in use, it has also been discovered possible to transmit messages over land or sea at lightning speed.

Being surrounded by these modern contrivances, we cannot help smiling at the way in which persons in such countries as China and Japan, and many other places, move about. These peoples are still under the necessity of resorting to the same

means of locomotion as were in use among their ancestors hundreds and perhaps thousands of years ago, except in some instances where Europeans have introduced modern inventions.

As a specimen of the awkward and uncomfortable devices used by semi-civilized peoples, we refer our readers to the accompanying picture. This shows one of the methods of traveling which is practiced in China. Another vehicle very common in that country is the sedan chair, which is made similar to the palanquin of India, and which was at one time used in Europe. This consists of a chair or seat covered in on all sides and placed upon poles which rest upon the bearer's shoulders.

As instances of other peculiar ways of traveling, we might call attention to the practice of the Laplanders, who move about in sledges drawn by the reindeer; again, to the Esquimaux who ride in sledges pulled by dogs; and also to the Africans, who are carried upon the backs



of ostriches. Such animals as horses, oxen, camels and elephants have been used for carrying persons as well as merchandise from time immemorial, and no doubt most peoples rested contentedly with the belief that they could not be superseded by anything better. At any rate, it appears they were satisfied with the speed of traveling that could be attained by these animals, for we know of no such agencies being utilized as are at present among civilized nations until quite recently.

The people of to-day, however, are not satisfied with anything less than perfection in the mechanical line. Inventors are continually at work seeking to improve upon every useful contrivance known, as well as to discover new appliances and plans to benefit mankind. The result is, a revolution in almost every avocation of life has been effected, so that the mechanic or tradesman of a century or two ago would be entirely lost at his particular calling should he find himself in a modern workshop. A man accustomed to driving animals would know nothing about running a steam locomotive; no more would a sailor be able to manage an iron-clad ocean steamer. Not even shoemakers, tailors or weavers of the last century would understand their respective trades as they are carried on now-a-days.

Much of the advancement made in mechanical pursuits is due to the adoption of steam as a motive power. Before it was known that such a thing could be accomplished, labor as well as traveling had to be done in a slow way. Many things that are now done by machinery, with great dispatch and at little cost, were, years ago, wrought very tediously by hand.

To give an idea of the difficulties and inconveniences the people of England had to put up with while traveling before railroads came into use, the following account of a short trip made by a royal personage, in the year 1703, is appended:

"We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. It was a hard service for the prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown out but once, indeed, in going, but our coach, which was the leading one, and his highness' body coach, would have suffered very much, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth; and the nearer we approached the duke's house the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours to conquer them."

Many of the people of Utah know of the hardships and difficulties encountered in early days, when they made the journey across the plains, from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, with ox teams or hand-carts. But it is quite different now. The ox team caravans and the Great American Desert which they traversed are unknown, having vanished before the approach of civilization on its westward march.

We cannot estimate the benefit the discovery of such powers as are possessed by steam and electricity have been in bringing about the advanced civilization of the present day. The degree of perfection reached by mankind in things pertaining to their physical comfort and convenience is indeed wonderful. But in matters concerning their spiritual welfare, and that tend to fit and prepare them to enjoy the hereafter, the world of humanity have made no improvement. And it is sad to contemplate their condition in this respect when their progress in other things is so marked. It further shows the need of revelation and of the true gospel among them; and the fact that the gospel has been restored in this age of enlightenment is an evidence to us of the mercy and goodness of God. It also exhibits His wisdom in inspiring men with a desire to bring about a better condition of affairs among mankind, so that His designs might be accomplished; for it is clearly evident the Lord intended that the modern improvements made in the methods of traveling and of spreading knowledge, as

well as in other things, should be for the special purpose of facilitating the establishment of His work on the earth, and the gathering of His chosen people.

E. F. P.

GIVING AWAY JIMMIE.

BY MAC.

IN the city of Nottingham, England, lived a poor cobbler, whom we will call Smithies, who had a wife and six children, a large family for a poor man to support in that country, and many times Smithies had little enough to give them to eat and scarce enough to buy clothes for them. But with the little amount his wife earned with her needle, and that made by their eldest son Robert by selling newspapers and periodicals for one of the printing firms, added to that he made by his own trade, enabled him to keep his family out of the reach of misery or starvation. He was the tenant of a man named McConnel, that is, the house he occupied was owned by McConnel, and for the rent of which Smithies paid him a certain amount yearly.

The beautiful home of McConnel was not far from the house in which Smithies lived and the friendship between the two men was very great, a thing that seldom occurs between landlord and tenant.

At length hard times came for the poor cobbler; his wife became sick with fever, and so much of the husband's time was taken up in waiting upon her and caring for the smaller members of his family, that he had a poor chance to ply his trade, so when the cold days came and the rent became due he had nothing laid by with which to pay the obligation. McConnel, however, not only generously forgave the amount due but also assisted him to pay a debt he owed the apothecary for medicines, and many little conveniences in the way of food and clothing had often found its way from the home of this generous family to that of the poor cobbler.

That winter, however, was a hard one for poor Smithies. Misfortune seemed to hang upon his track; his wife had recovered from fever but still remained an invalid. Then Robert, while assisting in the removal of goods at a warehouse, had the misfortune to get his leg broken; thus as time wore on the chances to gain a sustenance for his family grew still more meagre, and many times they all retired supperless to bed. One evening Smithies received a call from McConnel and the two remained a long time in conversation together. After McConnel's departure the cobbler entered his home with a very sober face, sat down to his scanty evening meal without saying a word. When all had been cleared away and the family had gathered around the hearth for their usual pleasant evening, the father after casting a doubtful look upon his wife and one of tenderness upon the group of interesting children before him, cleared his throat and in a hesitating manner began to rehearse to his wife the conversation he had had that evening with McConnel. This latter had taken advantage of poor Smithies' situation to make known to him a wish that had long been talked over by himself and wife—that of taking one of the cobbler's children and rearing it as one of their own; for rich and surrounded as they were by every earthly comfort they lacked that one heavenly tribute, a family of children, their costly and elegant rooms had never echoed to the tread of little feet nor the sound of childish laughter. The only two that heaven ever gave them died in

their infancy, and left a desolation in their hearts and home which they sought to repair by taking to their bosoms one fledgeling from the happy brood of the poor cobbler.

"He promises," said the cobbler to his wife, "to treat the child as if he were their own, give him a good education and make him heir to their estate; we will have this house free of rent, besides he will allow us ten pounds yearly for the support and education of the rest of the children."

The cobbler and his wife talked the matter over seriously; they loved their little ones dearly and many reasons were brought up to bear against complying with their neighbor's wish, and were again overruled when they took into consideration the benefit it would be to the child to have an education and many other advantages they thought he deserved, that they were unable to give him. "Besides," said the father, "it will be giving the rest of them a chance, and as he would live so near to them it would not seem so much like giving him away after all," and so they decided it was best to comply with McConnel's request.

The child the McConnel's had chosen was the second son, Jimmie, a pretty, bright, intelligent boy of ten years, who during the conversation between his parents had sat looking earnestly into the fire made from fagots gathered from the hedges that day by his own industrious little hands, which now supported his chin between them. His brown hair fell in curls over his broad, white forehead and his large, brown eyes so beautiful in their expression filled with tears that trickled down through his fingers when he heard the decision made by his parents to give him away.

His father noticed his grief and said, "Why Jimmie, don't you want to go and live in McConnel's fine home?"

"No, father," said Jimmie, "I don't want to leave you and mother and—baby"—and here he broke quite down in his sorrow.

"But Jimmie," urged the father, "you will be treated nicely in that rich man's family, and they will love you dearly."

"They will not love me as you and mother have done," said he.

The mother's eyes filled with tears and she thought, "What if he should lack that tender affection and care there that goes so far towards making a young life bright and beautiful. But no, the warm, loving heart of Mrs. McConnel could not fail to bestow affection upon one so good and sweet tempered as Jimmie," so she checked the rising tears and put by the forebodings his words had called up.

"Besides," said Jimmie, "if God had wanted me to be Mr. McConnel's child could He not have sent me to him in the first place?"

The parents winced at this argument of the child, but still they argued,

"We are so poor, Jimmie, we can never give you an education and such advantages as you will have there. Besides, think how it will enable you to help your brothers too."

"God knew you were poor when He sent me to you, didn't He father? But I don't think we are so very poor, at least I am not."

His words struck deep into their hearts and they thought, "Surely we have no right to barter away what God has only given to our keeping."

His words had caused a light to creep in upon their minds that had not shone there before, and the little fellow went to his bed with a happy heart in his bosom for he knew he would not be given away on the morrow.

The next evening when McConnel called for his answer, and learned that he was not to receive Jimmie into his keeping, he could scarcely repress his anger and disappointment.

He did not attempt to dissuade the Smithies from their decision, for the settled look in the father's face and the force of his reasoning satisfied him that further persuasion would be useless, and when he took his departure, Smithies knew that in him he had lost a friend. Afterwards his manner was very cool towards the cobbler, and soon he became rigorous and even harsh.

Smithies struggled on in his poverty. Often his family went a whole day without food, but no privation they endured ever caused him or his wife to feel sorry they had not made the breach in the circle of their little ones, when they were tempted to do so; and Jimmie seemed doubly dear to them now.

After that, McConnel pressed Smithies for his rent with undue precision, never allowing him any favors, but He who maketh the sun to shine upon the poor as well as the rich was mindful of the poor cobbler, and whenever the rent came due the necessary funds were on hand with which to settle it, and the landlord could never find sufficient cause against his tenant to justify him in turning him into the street.

(To be Continued.)

CHINESE SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

THORNTON, in his history of China, brings forward evidence that one thousand six hundred years ago, the Chinese had sufficient mechanical science and skill to invent and build suspension bridges. He says:

According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Shangleang, the commander-in-chief of the army under Kaoutsoo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shan-se, to the west of the capital. Hitherto, its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous.

With a body of one hundred thousand laborers, he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In other places he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another, across a deep chasm.

These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers very appropriately, "flying bridges," and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shan-se stretches four hundred feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm of five hundred feet.

Most of these "flying bridges" are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travelers. It is by no means improbable, as M. Pauthier suggests, that, as the missionaries in China made known the fact, more than a century and a half ago, that the Chinese had suspension bridges, and that many of them were of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar constructions by European engineers.

INNOCENCE finds not near so much protection as guilt.

OUR BIRTHRIGHT—WILL WE FORFEIT IT?

BY J. E. TAYLOR.

TO have the privilege of being born at a time when the fullness of the gospel is restored, with its ordinances, gifts and powers, is an inestimable blessing that should be valued as among the greatest that could be conferred. But to inherit by virtue of birthright these blessings, that millions, nay, billions of the human race have not been privileged to receive in the least degree in the flesh, seems to me to be the very highest endowment that God could bestow, and should be appreciated as such.

There is no ordinance of the gospel nor power of the priesthood necessary to salvation but has been given into the keeping of this people, and the children that are born in the new and everlasting covenant are entitled thereto by right of birth, and can come into their possession by observing the law that the Lord has revealed; for they can inherit them only on these conditions.

Everything is governed by law, and is sanctified and glorified by the same: consequently it is all important that we should not only understand but should also keep the law of the Lord. Jesus, whose rightful place was and is at His Father's right hand, and than whom no purer being ever lived, was baptized of John in Jordan. When John wished to decline baptizing so pure a being, Jesus remarked that it was necessary in order "to fulfill all righteousness." In other words, this was a part of the law of the gospel which He knew He must observe or He would not be acceptable to God; and it must be remembered that Jesus was an ensample in all things. We reason, then, that while the children of the Latter day Saints are entitled to the privileges and blessings of the gospel, they must receive them through the channel that God has appointed, for they cannot now, nor at any time in the future, reach out their hands and take them at pleasure.

Further, birthright is not all that is necessary to entitle them to possession. They must be pure in the practices of their lives or they will lose their right, for impurity is a barrier to all blessings. Esau sold his birthright to gratify his appetite when hungry, and the first-born of Jacob lost his by committing sin with his father's wife, and it was divided between Judah and Joseph: Judah receiving the kingly power and Joseph the fullness of the Melchizedek Priesthood. Not only these, but many others in different dispensations have forfeited their right to these blessings, some forever and others for the time being.

A man can forfeit his wife by committing adultery (see forty-fourth verse of the revelation on celestial marriage). Notably was this the case with David, who committed adultery with Bathsheba, and added the crime of murder thereto in order to cover his shame, for he lost all of his wives. And, in the language of the revelation, "he shall not receive them out of the world, for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord."

It will be seen from this that not only can we forfeit our right to receive blessings, but also forfeit those blessings after they have been bestowed upon us.

The object of this article is to warn the youth of Zion, who are legal heirs to the blessings of God's Priesthood, against any act which will bar them from possession. There are in our midst many avenues to evil that are wide open, and the entrances thereto are made most inviting. The wicked one

knows full well that if he can get the children of the people of Zion to indulge in wrong doing his purposes are in a measure accomplished, for to the extent that they partake of evil are they unfitted to receive these blessings.

The gospel provides all the necessary safeguards, and if we will only avail ourselves of them we can be protected from evil of every kind. We shall not be freed from temptation, however; for this will follow us as long as the enemy is permitted to exercise his power upon this planet. The Word of Wisdom should be especially observed by the youth of Zion, for its strict observance will largely secure immunity from disease and give long life to the observer of its principles. A total abstinence from the use of tobacco and strong drink, named therein, will preserve, where other natural conditions are favorable, such a healthy equilibrium of the body as to greatly prevent passionate desires and unnatural appetites that tend only to evil.

The adversary finds the easiest victims among those whose passions are the most easily aroused, for be it remembered that his only way of approach is through the organs of the body, hence the necessity of their being well fortified, as the weak and unguarded places are the chief points of attack. It was to fortify us against the attacks of the adversary that the Lord gave us this Word of Wisdom, as well as to correct evil in those who were (unwittingly perhaps) violating its provisions. In fact, our real safety consists in keeping all the commandments of God. It was said by an ancient prophet that "our fathers inherited lies and vanity, and things wherein there is no profit." A strict observance of the law of the Lord will enable us to supplant the evils that we have inherited from the fathers, and to establish in their stead such principles of purity and truth that tend to the salvation of the body, the enlargement of the mind, as well as to the final exaltation of body and spirit in the celestial world.

The departure from the plain path of duty by many of our young sisters in marrying those not of our faith is a matter of serious regret, and has seldom been known to result in good either to themselves or their offspring; but the contrary has followed in almost every instance so far, and I assert unqualifiedly that it is only a question of time when others who thus yield themselves will experience the same disappointment and the same sad results following this unequal yoking with unbelievers. Not only do they by this cut, themselves off from the blessings to which they are entitled by birth, but their children suffer the same loss: for if ever they receive the blessings to which the legal born are entitled it will not be until they are adopted into the family of a righteous man, for it is a very rare instance indeed where an unbelieving husband has after marriage received the gospel. On the contrary they have generally developed such bitterness of feeling and opposition to the faith as to merit in nearly every instance the appellation of "our worst enemies."

Female vanity is too often flattered with polished manners, devoted attention, persistent declarations of love, together with the glitter of promised wealth, all of which too frequently hide such ignoble traits of character that the sacred marriage tie cannot conceal. Then follow regret, repentance, estrangement, and finally abandonment, involving a life of sorrow which cannot be evaded; and the father and mother who were probably entirely ignored in the onset are made to feel the burden of this sorrow, and often at a time when they are ill able to bear the load. When will our daughters learn by the bitter experience of others to avoid the rocks and shoals upon which

they have been broken to pieces, and steer clear altogether of these ever existing dangers? For the word to ancient Israel is equally applicable to us, which reads: "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them: thy daughters thou shalt not give unto his sons."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSION.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 230.)

IN the month of February, 1875, myself and Elder P., who was laboring with me at that time in the Leeds Conference, received an invitation from the President of the Sheffield Conference to visit them there and assist in the opening of a room the Saints had just rented, called Brunswick Hall. As the place of my birth was in that district, and it was in that conference I first received the gospel, and quite a number of my relatives still lived in Sheffield, the visit gave me much pleasure. We also met on that occasion a number of Elders from Utah, and thus the opportunity was offered of comparing and exchanging our ideas and experiences.

No where, better than in Sheffield, can the effects of the gathering, and the change in public sentiment towards the gospel, be seen. At the time I left there, in 1851, the work had reached its highest point, both in interest and number of members. The branch alone numbered nearly a thousand members. The Saints occupied one of the best halls in the town. The attendance at our meetings was very large, and great interest in the work was manifested. At the time of our visit the branch numbered about two hundred members. The Saints had but a poor hall for the holding of meetings, and were it not for the fact that nearly every city, town and village in Utah contains a portion of the formerly numerous membership, we might regret the change. The interest of the people in the work was also changed. On the occasion of our visit, after the Saints had spent a large amount in placarding the town and advertising in the papers of our meeting, only about fifty strangers attended.

Several papers sent reporters, but they represented us in an ignorant and a prejudiced manner. One of them commenced by saying that most writers who undertook to oppose or expose "Mormonism" knew but little about it, hence their failure. His chief object was to give correct information on the subject. He then went on to say that Brigham Young was an Englishman by birth, that Nauvoo was the first settlement of the Saints, that Brigham Young sent the first missionaries to England after he became President of the Church, with quite an amount of other matter equally foreign to the truth.

I will omit giving a synopsis of our meeting, and proceed to give an account of some of the curiosities to be seen at Rogers & Sons' show rooms. Rogers and Sons are famous and extensive manufacturers of all kinds of cutlery, as well as gold and silver and plated ware, also workers in silver. They are one of the oldest firms in the world. For over one hundred years the name of Rogers & Sons has been famous for articles in their lines. Their premises have been very much extended of late years.

Visits to their rooms are free of charge, but at their discretion as to admittance. I will try to describe a small part only

of what is to be seen. We first saw twelve pairs of scissors, the total weight of which was only half a grain. It was calculated that it would require 11,520 pairs to weigh an ounce. And yet we are assured they would all cut; but to try them another very fine pointed pair was needed, putting the points of the larger pair into the bows of the smaller and thus opening and closing them. These were all perfect in shape, and there were other scissors of very fine make, and varying in size from half an inch up to four feet long.

We next saw a pocket knife, one inch long, with thirty blades of different varieties in it, and all perfect in form; a pocket knife ten inches long and eight inches broad, with seventy-four blades in it, all different in shape, and consisting of blades in actual use by surgeons, mechanics, etc. Each blade had engraved on it a beautiful picture of some famous building. Another knife had one hundred and fifty blades, no two of which were alike. The scales or handles of these knives were of ivory, and were carved in a very intricate and beautiful manner.

We now come to what is generally considered the greatest wonder of all—a knife with one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five blades. All of them were perfectly formed and made of the best material, and could all be opened or closed. This knife was made for the first world's fair, held in London, in 1851, and then had in it one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one blades. A blade had been added every year since up to the time of our visit. The knife was about eighteen inches long and eight inches in breadth and thickness.

Besides these mentioned, there were vast collections of specimens of other knives of all ages and makes. There was also on exhibition a large amount of gold, silver and plated ware of elaborate workmanship and finish. Then there were horns and tusks to be seen, which had been reserved from their materials on account of size and beauty. One was an elephant's tusk, eight feet long, and weighing one hundred and sixty-one pounds.

The foregoing is but a very brief description of the wonders of ingenuity and mechanical skill to be seen at this establishment. No other place that it was my lot to visit gave me so much pleasure, as there we see the results of human skill, ingenuity and perseverance.

After our meetings and visits around, the Elders dispersed to their various fields of labor, feeling refreshed as well as entertained by their visit to Sheffield.

FIRST STEP OF KNOWLEDGE.—A mouse that had lived all its life in a chest, says the fable, chanced one day to creep up to the edge, and, peeping out exclaimed with wonder, "I did not think the world was so large."

The first step to knowledge is, to know that we are ignorant. It is a great point to know our place: for want of this, a man in private life, instead of attending to the affairs of his "chest," is ever peeping out, and then he becomes a philosopher! He must then know everything, and presumptuously pry into the deep and secret councils of God: not considering that man is finite, he has no faculties to comprehend and judge of the great scheme of things. We can form no other knowledge of spiritual things, except what God has taught us in His Word, and where He stops we must stop.

A JUST person knows how to secure his own reputation without blemishing another's, by discovering his faults.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

(Continued from page 258.)

EVERY Maori settlement in the Hawkes Bay section of country was visited and the gospel was preached to the inhabitants, and many embraced the truth. After they had been sufficiently tutored in the duties of the Priesthood, and the responsibilities connected with branches of the Church, it was deemed expedient to effect branch organizations among those who had identified themselves with the Church.

In keeping with established customs of long practice among them, when anything of importance is going to transpire in a general way, elaborate preparations are made previously. Food, wood, etc., are made in readiness for those who anticipate taking a part therein. Consequently, when branches of the Church were about to be organized, a large Maori building previously abandoned, was cleaned out. The Maori women made many flax mats for carpeting, wood was hauled, and potatoes, birds, shell fish and other eatables were procured for the coming event.

On Sunday, the 29th of June, 1884, the Maori Saints from various settlements of the locality having assembled at Pakohai, two branches of the Church were organized: one at Pakohai with Hohepa Otene Meihana as president, with two counselors. The other at Korongata with Oterene Rapi as president, with two counselors. Besides this, on that occasion, two Priests and three Teachers were ordained, and nine others baptized. Many others, who did not belong to the Church, were present and witnessed the proceedings, which had considerable effect upon them.

When any of these people were placed in office, they made it a study to become acquainted with their duties, and in the majority of instances, they soon became sufficiently advanced to enable them to preside intelligently over those who were under their watchcare.

On the sixth of the following July, after the organization of the two branches referred to, four women were baptized and confirmed members of the Church at Taonoke; and on the 13th of the same month, having proceeded to Korongata, we had the opportunity of preaching the gospel to many Maoris from the north. The coming forth and establishment of the Church of Christ in the primitive apostolic age, the apostasy that followed and the restoration of the gospel through Joseph Smith, the great prophet of latter-days by a heavenly messenger, was proclaimed to those assembled, in simplicity and with demonstration of the Holy Ghost, which seemed to impress the truth upon their minds, for nearly all heartily endorsed the doctrines advanced, and on the following day, Sunday, we were instrumental in adding nine more to the Church. These were unanimously admitted members of the Korongata branch. The Sacrament was administered to the members of that branch in a meeting held for that purpose. That evening the time was spent enlightening their benighted minds in the things pertaining to life and eternal happiness.

The following day, accompanied by many of our Maori Saints and friends, we proceeded to a place called Ngataraua, four miles distant over a beautiful, level tract of country. As usual we were made welcome by the old, familiar mode of reception. A young couple were to be married in accordance with the rites of the "Mormon" Church, which event brought many together to witness it.

At 2 p. m., necessary steps having been taken for the consummation of the marriage, the ringing of a bell summoned all hands to the "church," an old primitive Maori house, with one room, a portion of which was occupied by sacks of chaff, oats, harness, chains and saddle, while the remainder was utilized for dwelling purposes. We took seats on our rolls of blankets. Many of the aborigines were present. Takerei Kaipipi, sixteen years of age, with a youthful appearance, clad in a black suit of clothes, and Maora Hui, fifteen years of age, with round, pleasant features of womanly aspect, dressed in a light, rich dress and beautiful hat, all of European style, entered the room, followed by a short procession of relatives and friends. The two who were to be joined in wedlock approached the place where we were sitting on our blankets and kneeled immediately in front of us. The ceremony opened with singing and prayer. I pronounced the marriage ceremony in the Maori language. Remarks were then made upon the nature and covenant of marriage, the blessing flowing from the observance of those sacred vows, and the condemnation following a breach of them.

We also upon that day administered to a Maori afflicted with a species of leprosy, which dire affliction was rebuked by the power of God.

The following day we baptized four and blessed five children of Ngataraua. Having added thirteen to the Church in this place we returned to Taonoke, with hearts full of joy, knowing that God in His infinite mercy had abundantly blessed our efforts to reclaim that fallen and down trodden people.

After the organization of those branches we alternately on Sundays, visited them and strengthened them in the truth. However, in spite of our zealous endeavors to bar the evil one from contaminating their clean souls, made so by the waters of baptism, the satanic power would lead some of them into some of their old, wicked practices. Still when overcome in sin, they were willing to confess and repent.

(To be Continued.)

BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE.

IT happened in 1776 that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds.

A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and, having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder. The boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow,

"You are my prisoner; if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you. Go forward in the road."

The boy kept close behind him, threatened and constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed,

"A British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat—by such a brat!"

The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of the bag.

THE FAITH AND TRANSLATION OF ENOCH.

BY D. JOHN.

"**B**Y faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." (*Heb. xi, 5.*)

The substance of these words is taken from the writings of Moses. We have before us the life, the faith, the obedience and the glorious removal of a great and good man from the earth. Limited is the account given in the Bible of this faithful servant of God: that he lived on earth, that he walked with God, and after a pilgrimage of three hundred and sixty-five years "he was not, for God took him," is nearly the whole history given of him in that sacred book.

The principle by which he was so highly honored and singularly taken was the principle of faith. This gift of God has made the grand distinction of all who have served their country and their God in all generations. With a few exceptions all the sons of men have fallen asleep and seen corruption throughout the ages past; but this was a victory over death, brought about by faith. Heaven has not designed to confer this honor upon all those who are partakers of the heavenly faith: though heirs of the same kingdom, men must die. But through the death and resurrection of the Holy One of Israel and the power of the Holy Ghost, the possessor of faith may look beyond the vista of time for the recompence of reward, when, with Enoch, and with Him that "liveth, and was dead, and is alive forevermore," he shall reach his final abode where death shall be unknown, and life shall never end.

Enoch, while on the earth, was surrounded by infidels and idolators. The earth was becoming more and more corrupt daily; the flood of water to cleanse the earth from sin and corruption had been spoken of, and no doubt by him in his warning voice. In his public ministry for many years he had kept nothing hid in his bosom that would benefit the people, had they heeded the warning voice of a man of God. But their hardness of heart no doubt vexed his righteous soul. He sowed and watered, but there was but small increase on account of corruption and unbelief; still his faith and hope never faltered.

The testimony given him, that he "pleased God," is a memorial of him to all generations. His memory is preserved in records that will never fade. We have read of the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the strength of Samson, and the faithfulness of Peter; but all these are not unmixed with evil. Their history is shaded with some besetting sin, but in the case of Enoch, so far as recorded, it is quite the reverse—there is no darkness beclouding his faith.

"By faith he was translated, that he should not see death." This was something new in the history of the world—a strange display of majestic power. Before his day men had attained to the good old age of eight and nine hundred years, but at last they died. But there is no record of the death of this man—"He was not, for God took him."

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER XV.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

ON May 1, 1854, my thirty-fourth birthday, Elder John McLean, Brothers Thomas McDonald and Peter Hays, with their regiment, 1,000 rank and file, marched on board of one of her majesty's men-of-war to sail up the Mediterranean sea and take part in the Crimean war. In the midst of thundering shouts of enthusiasm the gallant ship with her precious burden of souls steamed out of the beautiful bay of Gibraltar to do honor to Briton's flag. A solemn reflection crossed my mind on this occasion with a mental question, who of this one thousand will ever return home again to fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters or wives?

Many tears were shed over the wounded and slain during this cruel war, which lasted about two years. My blessings went with the brave boys in red, especially the three brethren mentioned. These were instructed to remember their prayers as they were in the hands of the Lord who could protect them even in the hour of fierce battle, and also to use their influence to spread the gospel among their comrades. A subsequent letter brought news that Elder McLean had organized a branch of the Church in a Turkish burying ground, and while doing so, bottles and other missiles were thrown at him and his companions. The branch was named the Expeditionary Force Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Frequent letters revealed many of the horrors of warfare, such as being compelled to lie in the trenches before Sebastopol, in a mass of filth and vermin with no one to prepare them a change of linen. Elder McLean stated that he had been in the heavy charges at the battle of Inkerman and Alma. So pressed was the charge from both sides that the soldiers were crushed together and faced each other with crossed bayonets being unable to use them for some time. He, however, came out with only a slight bayonet wound in the arm which only kept him from duty five days. Brother McDonald was wounded by the bursting of a shell, but with his handkerchief bound up his head and continued the encounter until another shell burst close by and this time disabled him so that he was taken from the field, but soon recovered. Corporal Hays lost his arm, but his life was spared; so the lives of all three of the brethren were spared, while often the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. Thus, even in this war, the hand of the Lord was plainly seen and acknowledged.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

FUTURE and ETERNAL JOY.—The sufferings of the just may well be likened to fleeting shadows or passing dreams. As soon as the bright morning of eternity begins to dawn, the shadows of mortality are forever dissipated; and they forget at once, in the glorious light of God's majesty, the tribulations which they have endured for His cause. The unspeakable joys of which they partook so absorb all their faculties, that there is no room left for sorrow or suffering. If, indeed, their past trials are remembered by them, it is but to swell with fresh rapture, and to tune their voices to louder anthems in the praise of Him who has given them, in exchange for the cross, such an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

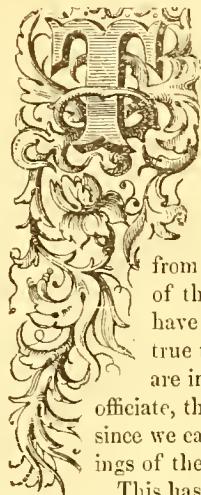
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HESE are peculiar times we are living in. At no time since the organization of the Church have the Latter-day Saints been exposed to such a variety of influences as they have had to contend with for the past few months. The First Presidency and many of the Twelve and other leading Elders, have been compelled to refrain from appearing in public, because of the designs of their enemies. As a consequence the people have been left measurably to themselves. It is true there are some of the local officers who still are in a position to act; but even with them to officiate, the people have been left, as never before since we came to these mountains, to follow the teachings of the Spirit as manifested to themselves.

This has brought to the surface the good qualities of the faithful; the weaknesses of the unfaithful have also been exhibited. One class of the people feel stirred up to increased diligence. To them this is a time which calls for increased watchfulness and devotion. They are more prayerful, are more attentive to meetings, and are impressed to attend more strictly to every duty of their religion.

The other class seem to throw off restraint. They abandon themselves to worldly ease and pleasure and neglect the duties of their religion. There have been as many excursions and as much frolicking, and as great and wide-spread indulgence in pleasure seeking this season as during any previous season since the Latter-day Saints came to these mountains. A visitor who did not know the true situation of affairs in this Territory, would never imagine from the deportment of a great many of the people, that we were suffering from the most cruel of persecutions, that a number of our beloved brethren were in prison in various places, thrust into the society of the most wicked and abandoned thieves and murderers, or that the principal officers in the Church were in concealment to avoid arrest and punishment. A traveler visiting Utah would not imagine this to be the condition of affairs, from any external sign that he might notice. But this is the situation in truth.

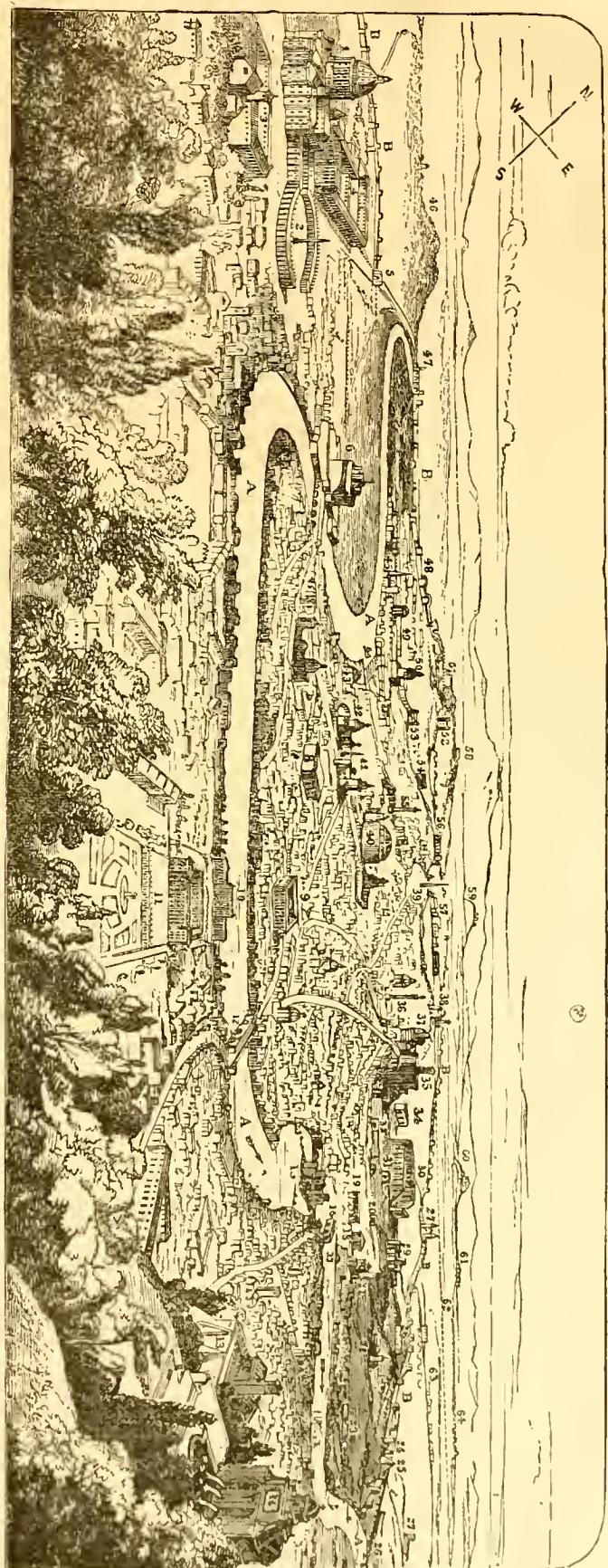
While our brethren and sisters bear up under the wrongs and oppressions to which they are subjected, and are cheerful and full of courage, the situation is nevertheless one of great gravity. We cannot think about our brethren in prison in Detroit, in Yuma, in Idaho or in this Territory without being moved with profound sympathy and commiseration for them. We feel that this is no time for Latter-day Saints to indulge in levity and junketing and frolicking; but rather it is a time for them to humble themselves in mighty faith before the Lord, to fast and pray, and to call upon Him in behalf of Zion, and to plead for His arm to be stretched out for the deliverance of His people.

Occurrences such as are now taking place among us are designed for our profit. We should feel chastened by them,

and instead of treating them as unworthy of notice we should seek to penetrate the design which God has in view in permitting them to take place. In old times, when affliction came upon the people of God, they sought the favor of the Almighty by repentance; they humbled themselves before Him, and frequently clothed themselves, in their self-abasement, with sack-cloth and ashes. This certainly was more appropriate than the conduct of wicked nations of which we read—nations which despising all warnings, heedless of all scourges and judgments, continued in their wicked careers, revelling in their sins until they were finally cut off. It is a bad condition for any individual, community or nation to be in when they are so blind as not to see, and so hardened as not to feel that which is intended by the Lord for their warning and profit. This is not our condition, and we trust it never will be. Still with some who call themselves Latter-day Saints there are many lessons in present events of which they do not seem to take sufficient heed.

LEVITY on the part of parents and officers of the Church in permitting drunkenness, profanity, Sabbath-breaking and other evils to prevail in their families and in their wards is very inexcusable. There is too much neglect upon these points in many places. Bishops close their eyes to drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking, and pass them by as light offenses. Parents also think their boys a little wild, and if they do get drunk once in awhile it is a boyish folly that is not very serious, and they pass it by as a thing of naught. The result is that in some wards there are drunkards in the Church. Again, men think they are hurried in their work and must use the Sabbath to finish their labor, and justify themselves in so doing. But this is a violation of a command of God, and no man who claims to be a Latter-day Saint should be guilty of such an act. If a young man gets drunk he should be dealt with, and if he does not repent publicly he should be cast off from the Church. His confession should be as public as his sin; and if this rule were strictly enforced we believe drunkenness would be checked. So with Sabbath-breaking. A man who breaks the Sabbath is a transgressor of God's law, and he should be dealt with if he wishes to retain his standing in the Church. He should arise in public meeting, confess his sin, and obtain forgiveness of his brethren and sisters, or, if he refuses to do this, he should be disfellowshiped. And so with profanity and vices of every kind.

Bishops, Teachers and parents who permit such sins without calling those who are guilty of them to an account take upon themselves a heavy responsibility, and condemnation will fall upon them. The Church should be kept cleansed from transgressors, for if it is not, condemnation rests upon those who are members, and they have to bear the consequences with those who are guilty. The Lord has given certain laws respecting the government of His Church. They are very plain. He expects those who bear His Priesthood and represent Him to obey His laws and see that they are enforced, or He will not accept them and the people who act with them. It is most painful to see young people, who ought to know better, who have had opportunities of learning correct habits and that which is acceptable unto the Lord, guilty of excesses and wrongs that are in plain violation of every law of God. Even respectable Gentiles, who are properly brought up, look upon drunkenness, profanity, Sabbath-breaking and vices of this description as wrong, and they teach their children to refrain from them. But how much more important it is for Latter-day Saints to receive such teaching, and for Latter-day Saints to see that the rules of the Church upon these points are enforced!



A. A. The Tiber.
B. The Walls of Rome. }
1. St. Peter's.
2. Piazza and Obelisk of St. Peter's.
3. Palace of the Inquisition.
4. Palace of the Vatican.
5. Borsa Angelica.
6. Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo.
7. Piazza dell' Orologio, and Church of Santa Maria Vittoria.
8. Palazzo della Camelleria, or Court of Church
Chancery.
9. Farneze Palace.
10. Palazzino and Giardino Farnese.
11. The Corsini Palace.
12. Ponte Sisto.
13. Church and Convent of St. Peter in Montorio.
14. Fountain of Pius V.

15. Island of the Tiber.
16. Ponte Rotto, or the Broken Bridge.
17. Cloaca Maxima.
18. Temple of Vesta.
19. Temple of Fortuna Virilis.
20. Arch of Titus.
21. Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin.
22. Church of Santa Sabina Aventino.
23. Ruins of the Emporium.
24. Gate of St. Paul.
25. Pyramid of Caius Cestius, in the Protestant Cemetery.
26. The Civita Vecchia Railway Bridge.
27. Basilica of St. John Lateran.
28. Baths of Caracalla.
29. Palace of the Caesars and Mount Palatine.
30. The Colosseum. } In the Forum Romanum.
31. Arch of Constantine. } or Campo Vaccino.
32. Arch of Titus, in the Forum Romanum, or Campo Vaccino.

33. The Three Columns of Jupiter Tonans, in the Forum Romanum, or Campo Vaccino.
34. Temple of Peace.
35. The Capitol.
36. Trajan's Column.
37. Church of Santa Maria in Celi.
38. Santa Maria Maggiore.
39. Obelisk and celebrated Horses on Monte Cavallo.
40. The Pantheon, with Church of Santa Maria Minerva in Piazza—Minerva to the right.
41. The Roman University.
42. Church of St. Agnes in the Piazza Navona.
43. The Mausoleum of Augustus.
44. Port of Ripetta, or little Port of the Tiber.
45. Obelisk in the Piazza dell' Popolo, and Terraces of the Pincian Hill.
46. Monte Mario.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MODERN ROME.

A CHAT WITH THE BOYS.

THE writer always remembers his own struggles when young, and has a tender spot in his old heart for boys. Consequently, he feels like giving a bit of fatherly advice, hoping thereby to help them on the way, encourage and make them better men, for they must very soon take positions in life, fight its battles and conquer or be conquered.

For those who wish to "be somebody," to make their mark and a high one, to be respected, honored, and secure standing and wealth, he would lay down a few rules, which, if followed, will make life a thing to be desired, and leave behind a memory to be kept green when their race is run and they have gone to their reward.

Integrity in all things must be observed. There must be no dodging, no double-dealing. Every act must be so performed that you can look the world squarely in the face with the consciousness of a pure heart.

Good manners must be cultivated. Kind words go very far toward making friends, and the boy ever polite will never be wanting in this respect.

Learn to be patient. Trials will certainly come. Perplexing and annoying circumstances are as frequent as clouds, and, like clouds, will pass away. Learn to endure, to be patient, and not get excited and "fly all to pieces" about what cannot be helped.

Be prompt in every undertaking. The boy who is known to be on time, who does what he is set to do without loitering, will be trusted and have hours for leisure. Business does not brook such a thing. Its demands are too imperative for delay, and with a reputation established for promptness and correctness, the foundation-stones of fortune are laid.

Don't get discouraged. It is the brave-hearted that win. Remember the story of Bruce and the spider. Read the lives of the truly successful men and see how they never gave up. Take "there's no such word as fail" for your motto, and ever press onward and upward.

Dare to do right. No matter what others may think or how much they may sneer, listen to conscience and obey its dictates. The right always wins in the long run; the wrong can only triumph for a time and will bring with it sorrow and punishment.

Principle should be higher than money. The latter is good, but the former is better. Keep in mind that the best of all books says, "A good name is better than great riches," for life will prove the truth of the words.

Be a man under all circumstances. Be master of yourself and your passions. Don't be one of the "dumb driven cattle" of earth. You were formed in the image of your Creator, and live up to your birthright high and holy.

Don't have any leisure time. Human life is too short to be dawdled away in idleness. If you have but a moment, improve it by study. One can never know too much, and the greatest scholars have ever mourned over their ignorance.

Be master of your business. Learn it in all its details. Don't be foolish enough to dream that because you have worked for months or years you know it all. You don't, by a good deal, you can find out something new every day.

Be temperate. As you love your parents, as you care for honor, for riches, for your own comfort bodily, and the future of your soul, never touch anything that can intoxicate. Have no "commerce" with drunkards. Avoid the grog-shops as you would small-pox. Their evils cannot be numbered and their touch is death.

Much more might the writer say out of the plentitude of his regard for you, but he forbears inflicting a sermon. Yet keep what he has written in mind, act upon it, make for yourselves names and fortunes, be true to your birthright, and, "it doth follow as the day the night that you will not be false to any man."

Boys, the writer would have you be better in the year to come than in the year just finished. He would have you learn to love your work even as he does. With heart and hand he stands ready to assist you. Will you do your part?

A SOLDIER'S ADVENTURES.

BY C. H. W.

(Continued from page 259.)

THE next work was that most disagreeable to any soldier—"clearing of the battle-field"—which was commenced as soon as we had a few hours' rest. The doctors and the ambulance corps care for the wounded from the commencement of the fight, but are not able to attend to all the work, so the different battalions assist as soon as they are at liberty. While in battle, all the finer and humane feelings will leave a person, and a soldier in time of action is nothing but a demon in human form. He has no sympathy for the sufferings of his comrades; all he cares for is to destroy. I have seen soldiers use the dead for pillows and card tables. Whenever a lull or cessation of firing occurred for a short time in the line, I have seen them rifle the pockets of those who had fallen, and strip them of such clothing that happens to be a little better than their own; in fact under this influence there is nothing too cruel and low for them to do.

But after the carnage is over this spirit leaves, a better one takes possession of the soldier and then he is a man again, with all his nobler attributes predominating. You may then imagine his feeling when called upon to assist in taking care of the wounded and the dying, who perhaps have been lying all day in the scorching sun or the chilling rain, as the case may be, without any assistance whatever, not even a kind hand to give them a drop of water to moisten their parched and burning lips.

It is most heartrending to see the horribly mutilated forms still living in the throes of death. Some crying for help; some begging to have an end put to their misery; some uttering the most agonizing groans; some praying, while others are cursing and swearing in the vilest manner. Then again the shrieks and utterances of pain when taken hold of to be removed into the hospital is beyond description; and I have always felt that I would rather be in two or three engagements than to assist in one clearing of the field.

The burying of the dead is soon accomplished. Large, deep, square pits are dug, the dead are placed therein in layers, and if lime is handy a covering of it is put upon each layer, together with a cloth or blanket, to separate them from each other. In the absence of lime dry earth is used. After a pit is filled in this manner it is covered with earth, the chaplain will say a few words of prayer, if time and circumstances will permit, a volley of musketry is fired over the grave, and the funeral is ended. Frequently as many as a hundred or more are thus placed in one hole.

But I will leave this unpleasant picture and return to the life in camp, which is to a young man full of interest and

amusement, though connected with a great many privations. The diet, for instance, is one day pork and beans with plenty of coffee and hard bread; the next day rice and beef are served, then beans and pork again for a change; hence the frequent robbing of hen roosts and pig pens by the soldiery. The poor farmer that chances to live near the seat of war is always to be pitied; but a soldier will do most anything for a change.

Plenty of fun and amusement are indulged in, such as singing, dancing, music, athletic sports, etc., also a great deal of drinking and gambling, which of course are always demoralizing. Anything is done to pass away time as pleasantly as possible, for with the greater portion the maxim is, "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you may die."

During the year 1848 several battles were fought, but nothing of any moment occurred. We took our winter quarters at Hadersleben, and had a general good time, with plenty of drill and guard duty.

The Spring of 1849 opened with a skirmish on the third and fourth of April, near Sundewitt, which resulted in the retreat of the Danes into their own country, Jutland. They took position at Kolding, which place we attacked on the twenty-third of April. The bridge crossing a small river, which is the dividing line between Jutland and Schleswig, was barricaded and had to be taken by storm. It was then the hand to hand fight began in the narrow streets of Kolding, in which the citizens took part, women as well as men. They would throw boiling water, rocks, bricks and even the tiles of the roofs down upon us, and make things very unpleasant for us in general. But we succeeded in routing our opponents and took possession of the town, to the great discomfort of the inhabitants.

They had acted hostile towards us, and as a punishment to them we were permitted to "saek" the town, or in other words, allowed to do as we liked for three hours. During these three hours the people suffered terribly. The soldiers were infuriated against them. Several of our comrades had been poisoned by citizens: having asked for something to drink they were given water with poison mixed in it. Some had been scalded, while others received wounds and bruises from brick-bats and tiles. The saloons and whisky shops were visited first, and in a short time almost every man was drunk or under the influence of liquor. This, of course, made them more wild and cruel. Houses and furniture were demolished, valuables taken, women ravished, and all manner of cruelties and wickedness were committed. If anyone interfered he was simply cut down.

A scene like this beggars description, and the people upon whom such a fate falls are indeed to be pitied.

During this day's engagement, a portion of our company, numbering one hundred, had become severed from the body of the regiment by some mistake of our officers, and almost became surrounded by the enemy. While this movement was being made, a body of hussars, the finest men and horses I ever saw, prepared to make a charge upon us in order to make short work of us. Our position was behind a low embankment, running nearly parallel with the turnpike, upon which the horses came dashing along at full speed. It was an awful, grand sight.

We had received strict orders not to fire until the command was given; but for every one to cover his man.

In a few moments they were upon us, and almost simultaneous with the command, "right wheel," of their captain, the word "fire," from our captain was heard, and only one man

remained in the saddle, he made good his escape; all of the others were slain.

The captain was not killed; his horse was shot from under him. He "played the possum," and as soon as some of our men made towards him, they were forbidden to do him any harm. "Let him alone," shouted our commander, "he is a brave man and deserves to live."

At the time, I thought it was the grandest sight I ever beheld, to see a fine body of men sent to eternity in one stroke, but now it is terrible to contemplate.

Here in this little encounter, I realized more than ever before, the necessity of obedience and implicit confidence in my leader.

As I have stated, we were commanded not to fire until orders were given, under penalty of death. This was very trying under the circumstances, seeing a body of horsemen, the flower of the Danish army, with drawn sabres, glittering in the sunlight, rush down upon us like an avalanche, expecting every moment to be cut to pieces and trodden under the horses' feet, and no liberty to fire.

But obedience was our salvation. Had we been permitted to use our guns we would perhaps have disabled a few before they reached us, but the main body would have been upon us when our guns were empty, and our doom would have been sealed. In those days it took longer to load a rifle than it does now. Breach loaders were then unknown to us.

We had proved our leader and had implicit confidence in him, we would have done and dared anything he commanded, not because we were obliged to, but we loved him, and understood his ability, wisdom and courage.

I frequently compare our position as Latter-day Saints, with a well organized army. We have our commander-in-chief, our generals, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, all of us have enlisted under the banner of Jehovah, and made a covenant with Him to serve Him with all our might, mind and strength.

As good soldiers we should love our officers, have implicit confidence in them and yield obedience to their wishes and commands. They receive their orders from the great Captain of our salvation for our good, for our benefit and for our safety. From them they are given to us, and the prompter we are in carrying them out the better for us, the faster will we advance and the more abundantly will we be blessed. There is nothing more pleasant than to have confidence in our leaders, no matter what condition of life we are placed in, and there is nothing that I know of, that will weaken our faith and blight our hopes quicker than to lose confidence in them. A Latter-day Saint should train himself to be blind to the faults and failings of his superiors and always remember that he cannot judge them from his standpoint.

Our only safety and deliverance from our enemies is based upon the condition of obedience. "If you will do my will and keep my commandment I will fight your battles and will lay low all your enemies," says our Commander-in-chief, and we know He can do it. But if we are disobedient and instead of keeping His laws break them, we must suffer the consequences, and I think we do at the present time. My opinion is that there will be no deliverance until Israel will humble themselves, repent of their sins and do as they are told.

How often within the last few years has General John Taylor together with his staff and field officers cried to the people, "set yourselves aright, put your houses in order and serve God with full purpose of heart."

If these orders had been strictly carried out we would now behold different results.

MANIFESTATIONS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BY M. F. C.

AT the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo, my father engaged to drive a team for President Taylor on the journey westward, to find a resting place for the Latter-day Saints. In his journal, the circumstances are recorded about as follows:

"It was winter, and I made as good preparations as I could for the trip. The river was frozen over—the ice being about three feet thick. I drove one of the first teams across on the ice, the width being about one and a half miles. The contents of the wagon weighed nearly thirty hundred pounds, and had two yoke of oxen attached, which caused the ice to crack, and we did not know the moment it might break and let us in."

"On arriving at the camp ground, about five miles west of the river, I was severely attacked with fever and ague. Brother Taylor thought it better for me to return to Nauvoo, which I did, and stayed with my parents. My illness lasted thirteen months.

"Shortly afterwards the blood-thirsty mob of Illinois, not satisfied with what they had already done, drove the remaining Saints, who were able to leave, from Nauvoo. Those who could, made ready and started westward. My father and family were not able to fit up and go with the Saints, therefore, after selling some articles of furniture, food and clothing, we procured enough cash to pay our way to St. Louis, Missouri. We spent three nights on the cobble stones on the bank of the river, expecting each night that the mob would enter Nauvoo. On the fourth night, the steamboat *Osprey* came along, upon which we secured passage to St. Louis. In this place father obtained work at a mill and I in a book-bindery. We labored in these positions until we had earned sufficient means to pay our way to Council Bluffs.

"We took passage on a steamboat with a company of Saints for Winter Quarters. When about one hundred and eighty miles on our journey up the river, while the pilot was taking a glass of brandy and talking with some ladies, the steamer dashed violently upon a rock which the pilot had not observed. This made a hole in the boat about one foot in diameter, creating a consternation among the passengers, as there was apparently nothing to keep the boat from sinking. She backed off the rock and ran ahead about the length of herself when she suddenly struck a snag, which ran directly in the hole made by the rock, and thoroughly stopped it up, fitting as well as if done by human hands.

"Had it not been for this last circumstance we would have sunk in very deep water, and doubtless have been completely lost. After this the boat reached the shore without much difficulty. We landed, the boat was unloaded and sent back to St. Louis for repairs. When it was placed on the stocks the carpenters could hardly remove the snag, it was so thoroughly fastened in the boat. The circumstance was then pronounced a 'Mormon miracle.'

"We knew that we had been preserved by the providence of Almighty God, and thanked Him for His protecting care. We were one month on the bank of the river, in wet, stormy weather. At length the boat arrived, we went aboard and proceeded on our journey. A few days after, we reached Winter Quarters, feeling well in health and spirits."

There is an important lesson to be learned from the incidents related above, which everyone should have indelibly impressed

upon his or her soul, that is, that the Lord is ever at hand to preserve the lives of His people when it is not His will that they should pass behind the veil, no matter how meagre are the apparent opportunities of escape. Here He thwarted the design of the adversary, preserved the lives of His Saints, added strength to their faith, and gave them another testimony that He would sustain them in doing His will.

BLAKE'S MISTAKE.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

"**H**ERE they come," said Julius Blake, with kindling eyes. "They don't know I'm back, and I'll pop out on them."

The boy secreted himself behind a large spruce tree. He had been at home a fortnight, and it was pleasant to meet his schoolfellows again. The two who were coming down the walk were among his best friends, Phil Walker and Jack Hooper. He was just on the point of bounding out upon them, when his own name caught his ear.

"Don't ever trust Julius Blake," said Phil. "He's an out-and-out cheat. Don't lend him your money; you'll never see it again if you do."

"Phil, are you sure?" queried Jack.

"Sure! Didn't I lend him two dollars, months ago? He has promised to pay again and again, but he never means to."

The hot blood rushed to the face of Julius. Should he rush out and confront them? The blood boiled in his veins, but before he had an opportunity to speak, they were gone.

Was that the friend he had trusted so entirely? Could it be possible that Phil Walker was both mean and treacherous? To be sure he had borrowed two dollars of him, and had twice offered to return it; but Phil would not take it, saying that when he wanted it he would let him know.

And yet the old love for Philip trembled in the balance with the new hatred, born in a moment. The tears, hot and thick, came to his eyes as he remembered the sweetness of their friendship. If Philip could be false to him, then all the world was false. He would never believe in boy or man again, never. It was his first disenchantment.

But by degrees anger gained the upper hand. How should he revenge himself? Be quiet under the insult? No, that he could not be. Hot blood counselled him. He knew that both boys were on their way home. The road would soon divide, and Phil would then take a narrower and less frequented path to Maple Hill, the place where he lived.

Not a moment was to be lost. Julius hurried across lots, and came upon Philip a moment after Jack had left him. Phil heard the loud, unsteady footsteps, and turned. A bright, eager smile lighted his face as he bounded forward with outstretched hand.

But quite as suddenly, Julius drew himself up and put both hands behind him.

Phil stopped; the smile faded from his lips, giving way to a look of perplexity. For a moment the boys eyed each other; then in a hard, cold voice, Julius said,

"Phil, I have nothing to say to you. You are a liar, and beneath my notice!"

"What do you mean, Julius Blake?" cried Phil, who was quick tempered, and could not reconcile the bitter, stinging words with their previous relations; "what on earth do you mean?"

"I repeat, you are a mean, miserable liar, and I'll be even with you yet!"

"You and I have always been good friends," said Phil, hotly, "and I don't understand this sudden attack upon me. But I don't propose to let anyone, friend or foe, call me a liar! Now what do you mean?"

"I mean you have slandered me to John Hooper, and every word that you said against me is false! I'll make you eat them, too!" he added, with bitter emphasis.

"I have never said anything against you to anyone. Why should I? We have always been friends."

"But what I heard with my own ears, I must believe."

"According to your showing, then, you're an eavesdropper. Well, you know the old adage. But what's the use of wasting words? You could not hear what I never said."

"You need not deny it!" said Julius, fiercely. "You lie if you do."

"Come, this is getting serious again." Phil's face grew red. Forbearance was exhausted. He was irritated and angrier than before.

"If you say that again," he added, "I'll knock you down!"

"I do say it again, and I wish all the fellows were here to hear me. You are a liar!"

Phil sprang forward, but received a well-directed blow, aimed with fierce energy, which, before he could recover himself, was repeated.

Julius was older and stronger than Phil, but the two boys, owing to Phil's suddenly-roused fury, backed by pain, were nearly matched. The struggle was fierce and desperate. Both boys were covered with wounds and bleeding.

The wonderful glow of the sunset, tinting the piled up clouds along the whole western line of the heavens, the soft glitter of the crimsoned river, the beauty of the fields under this tender illumination, the fragrance of the dewy flowers and fruit blossoms, all these were lost upon the two furious combatants, whose angry passions marred the beautiful repose of the hour. Suddenly they found themselves seized in a strong grasp and pushed violently assunder.

"Fighting! Julius Blake and Philip Walker! Can I believe my eyes? You two of all the school! Shame on you!"

It was the voice of Mr. Winslow, one of the assistant teachers, who had been detained at the school-house, and who boarded with Phil's father.

"What does this mean?" he continued, looking from one to the other. "The model boys of the school, as well as fast friends! Why, it was only last night that Phil was singing your praises, Julius Blake, and preparing a little surprise for you when you should return to school."

"He called me a liar, and stood to it!" cried Philip, with fierce emphasis. "I told him to take it back, but instead, he repeated it."

"Philip," said Mr. Winslow, mildly, "did you not say only yesterday, in my presence, that there wasn't a boy in town you'd trust sooner than Julius Blake?"

"Yes, I did, and I felt so, too. He and I have been fast friends from the beginning. But no one shall call me a liar, not even he!" he added, glaring again.

"Julius," said Mr. Winslow, looking at the disfigured face, "Philip has always, to my certain knowledge, been a true friend to you. Once, if you deign to remember, he saved your life," he added, with mild irony.

Julius could not speak. The flood of his wrath was fast subsiding. He remembered that bright spring morning, when a party of boys had rode up a swift tide, and he, leaning over

the edge of the boat, had fallen in the water. It was Phil's strong arm upholding him, and his words of encouragement that he had heard, as the cold waves seemed to suck him under to cruel death.

"And can you now accuse this friend of slandering you, of that worst of all vices, lying?" asked Mr. Winslow, reproachfully.

"I can't bear to believe so meanly of Philip, Mr. Winslow, but I heard his own words. I can't be mistaken," replied Julius, in low, shamed tones.

"What did you hear?" cried Phil. "I've not mentioned your name to-day to any one. And you must have heard it to-day for you weren't here yesterday."

"I was behind the spruce tree at the gate," said Julius, in a low voice. I wanted to give you a surprise when I saw you and John coming down the avenue. As you came nearer, I heard my name, and then you said, as distinctly as I am speaking now, 'Julius Blake is an out-and-out cheat. He don't keep his word one time in a hundred. Don't lend him any money; you'll never see it again.' And then you spoke of what you lent me, when you know I've offered it to you time and again."

Phil's battered face lighted up. A sparkle of the old smile gleamed in the corners of his bruised eyes. He laughed and said,

"You are right, old fellow, in everything but the name. I said Junius Blake, not Julius Blake. Junius is a full-blooded rogue, as you know. Neither you nor I would trust him with a penny."

Julius stepped back a step or two, astonished and humiliated.

"And you lent him money?"

"I did, indeed; two dollars, before I found out his meanness, and I can't get it back. I lent *you* two dollars, but I knew I could have it whenever I wanted it, so I told you not to hurry, in fact, I wouldn't let you pay me. Have you anything else against me?"

"O, Phil, Phil, what a rash fool I have been!" cried Julius, with real contrition. It's as clear as daylight now; and I've had such base, mean thoughts of you! I should have asked you frankly for an explanation, instead of allowing myself to be carried away by my feelings. I am sorry for every blow I struck you. What can I do to show you how sorry I am?"

"O, never mind. It's no matter," said Philip, heartily. "I'm not the first one who has suffered for a mistake, I reckon. Let bygones be bygones. I suppose I'm as much to blame as you are. I should have questioned you more closely. If I'd had my wits about me, I might have remembered my conversation with Jack; but you see we'd been talking about other things, and I was so surprised to see you!"

"Well, boys," said Mr. Winslow, I'm glad there's a truce, and the war is ended without much bloodshed. I hope, at all events, if you square off again, you will have a clear idea of what you are fighting about. But remember that blows never convince. Fury is always blind, hatred ever unjust.

"There is a better way of settling feuds than by breaking noses or blacking eyes. Many a worse trouble than this has come of a slight misunderstanding. Many good friends have been parted through an unfortunate mistake. Always remember that one has said, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath'; and this rule is best."

Saying this, Mr. Winslow walked on, and the boys went down the bank to wash their faces in cooling waters. Their

reconciliation was complete. Slowly they walked down the road, arm in arm, talking as earnestly and confidentially as if nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of their relations. But they never forgot the lesson of that day.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

FOR THE BOYS.

AS THIS is melon time, I thought a few words to the boys who are so fond of them might not be amiss.

A few weeks ago, while in company with a few intimate friends, one of them, a gentleman, made this remark: "I think there are not many things recorded against me in the book of life so far. To my knowledge I have never uttered a falsehood, never taken the name of the Lord in vain, nor committed any higher offenses." "But," said he, "there is one little act which prevents me from saying that I never committed a theft; and many a sad, regretful thought do I now cast back upon that unhappy moment of my life."

He then related the incident which he referred to, and which gave him such remorse.

From a child, he said he was very much averse to doing wrong, in fact, was naturally religiously inclined. But when about ten years of age, he was in the habit of passing to and from school, past a watermelon patch. As he was very fond of melons, he was greatly tempted to go and take some. He finally gave up to the temptation, went into the melon patch, took not only one but two, and sat down and began to eat them.

He had not been there very long before the owner of the melons came and caught him in the act. Just imagine his feelings in being caught in such an act! The owner of the melons reported him to his father, who gave him a severe punishment, and then compelled him to go and pay for the melons and ask the owner's pardon for trespassing on his property.

This was the worse punishment that could have been inflicted upon him, and it so impressed him that he never after committed a like offense.

Boys, through permission of this good man, I am permitted to write this little incident for your benefit, that you may take warning by it.

Boys, whenever you are tempted to go into a watermelon patch to commit theft, or to do any-

thing wrong, just pause to think of the consequences of such acts.

If you are good boys you will make noble men; and then you will be accounted worthy to go upon missions to preach the word of God to the people of the world. This is something that all young boys should live for.

IDA.

A BOY WHO GAVE HIS NOTE.

A BOSTON lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two-bits for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtfully a moment, and offered fifteen-cents.

"Done," said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the mighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you consider your note is good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen cents, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that is entitled to note and money too;" and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and happy heart.

The boy's note represented his honor. A boy who thus keeps his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly things, is an heir to an inheritance which no riches can buy—the choice promises of God.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

GREAT stress was laid by the Lord in ancient times upon the importance of His people making proper marriages. Speaking to Israel He said, concerning the inhabitants of the land to which He was leading them:

"Thou shalt make no covenant with them. * * * Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. For they will turn away thy son from following me that they may serve other gods."

Joshua, afterwards in speaking upon the same subject, says:

"Else, if ye do in anywise go back, and cleave unto the remnant of these nations, even those that remain among you, and shall make marriages with them, and go in unto them, and they to you: know for a certainty that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you; but they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you."

Many of the evils which came upon Israel were traceable to their violation of this counsel of God. Solomon's troubles were directly due to his intermarriages with women of other nations, and in no instance that we know of did prosperity ever follow the marriage of Israel with strange women, or the marriage of the daughters of Israel with strange men. Such marriages led to idolatry. We see this clearly illustrated in the history of God's people. To begin with, many of these nations were not the chosen seed. They were of races not entitled to the blessings of the Priesthood. Hence Abraham, while dwelling in Canaan, instead of allowing his son Isaac to select a wife from among their neighbors, sent his steward back to his brother's house, and secured a wife for Isaac of his own blood—a family that was entitled to peculiar promises through the covenants of God to their fathers. Abraham was thus particular because he knew that much depended upon a correct alliance. Jacob took his first two wives from the same family; and Esau, his brother, displeased his parents by taking to wife daughters of the land in which they lived—women who were not of the covenant seed, and whose parents probably were worshipers of strange gods.

A very interesting chapter might be written upon this subject. There are many facts which have come down to us in the ancient records which clearly establish the pains that the Lord took to preserve His people from improper intermarriages. He always appears particular upon this point, and to intermarry with some races would be productive of the most serious consequences. For instance, Abraham says in his record, speaking about Ham, that from him sprang that race which preserved the curse in the land. He says that Noah, in blessing Ham and his descendants, blessed them with the blessings of the earth and with the blessings of wisdom, but cursed them as pertaining to the Priesthood. The Pharaohs, kings of Egypt, were of that lineage—a lineage by which they could not have the right to the Priesthood, notwithstanding they would fain claim it from Noah, through Ham. Now, here is a race which we are told is not entitled to the blessings of the Priesthood. Intermarriage with such a race would undoubtedly bring very serious evils upon every one of the chosen seed who should be so unwise as to do so; because if a man or a woman were to marry into such a race, however much they

themselves might be entitled to the blessings of the Priesthood, it is very apparent that their offspring, being descendants of this race to whom the Priesthood is denied, could not inherit its blessings.

Upon all of these points the ancients were very particular. The Latter-day Saints cannot be too particular, either, because upon correct marriages the happiness of posterity and their blessings here and hereafter, to a very great extent, depend. There are some races who are clearly the heirs of the Priesthood. They seem to be particularly favored of the Lord for reasons which we cannot fully understand at present. But we see it illustrated in our Church. There are families who appear to be natural Latter-day Saints. The blood of Israel seems to be so strong within them that they are blessed in a peculiar manner. The Lord has given them great faith, and they appear to be natural heirs to the Priesthood. How much better it is to intermarry with such families than to form alliances with Gentiles and unbelievers! I look back as far as the first settlement of this valley and I can scarcely recall an instance of a marriage of a man or a woman outside of the covenant where it was attended with blessings and prosperity; but the cases are innumerable of unhappiness, of loss of faith, of alienation from the truth and from the covenant; and the offspring of such people, in many instances, inherit the unbelief of the parent who is out of the covenant. What an unhappy condition for a woman to place herself in, if she has any faith! She has children; but those children, instead of imbibing faith from her, seem to inherit unbelief and hardness of heart. They are alien to her; they are alien to her faith, and seem to belong to an entirely different race to herself. I have many such instances in my mind while thinking upon this subject, and I never see an illustration of it without being filled with pity for the woman or the man who has placed herself or himself in such a position.

Latter-day Saints should be exceedingly careful in making marriages, and be especially careful to not connect themselves with any family that is not entitled to all the blessings of the Priesthood. We may pity those who may be descended from Canaan. We may feel to do everything in our power in their behalf. This is right. They are of the family of our Father in heaven. But our pity need not lead us so far as to bring ourselves or our posterity into the predicament their fathers have brought them.

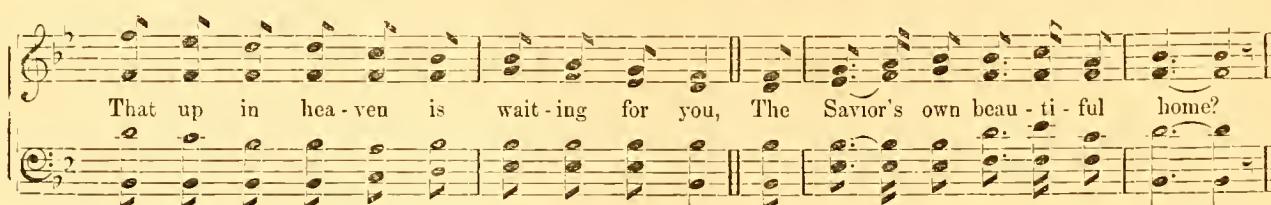
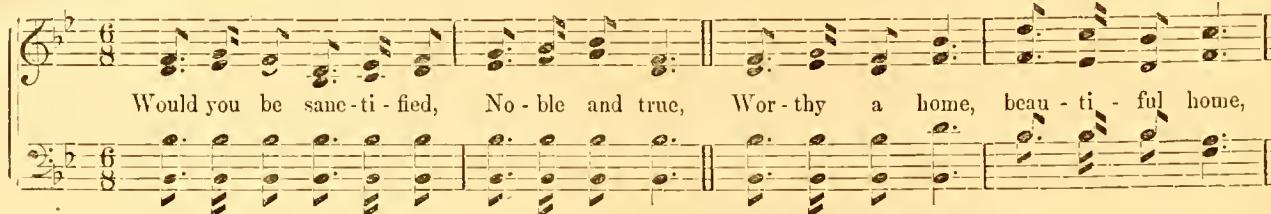
HARD FARE IN COLLEGE.—In Scotland, a college education is highly esteemed, and the number of graduates, in proportion to the population, is larger than in any other country in Europe, or than in the United States. But the majority practise a more rigid economy than is known in our country, and many spend less in their entire course than the average expenses of a single year in American colleges. Dr. Guthrie in his autobiography, tells several touching anecdotes of the hardships cheerfully endured by some of his fellow-students.

A stout country lad came to the University of Edinburgh, bringing with him a large chest. For three months he took no meal at any hotel or restaurant, and asked nothing from his landlady except hot water. It turned out that his chest was filled with oatmeal, brought from his country home, and he himself cooked it with the hot water received from the landlady, adding as a relish a little butter and salt. A student who is willing to submit to such privations, in order to obtain an education, is likely to make the best of his opportunities at college.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND.

MUSIC BY WILLIAM CLAYSON.



CHORUS.



There by the banks of the river of life,
Beautiful home, beautiful home,
Love and sweet peace never broken by strife
Reign over this beautiful home.

There is the city where all is divine,
Beautiful home, beautiful home,

Where ev'ry mansion with glory will shine,
Forever a beautiful home.

Can you not strive this sweet home to obtain,
Beautiful home, beautiful home,
There with the Saints to rejoice and remain
In God's own beautiful home?

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 16 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is JOHN TAYLOR. We have received correct solutions from Frank Pickering, Payson; Ezra Christianson, Manti; Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Leroy Young, Wasatch; Clara B. Hudson, Isabella Laycock, Kaysville; Hannah Spence, Wellsville; Anne M. Petersen, Lauritz Petersen, Erastus Geertson, Huntsville; Josephine Workman, Egin, Idaho; Chas. Jarvis, Woodruff, Arizona; John V. Bluth, Ogden; Elizabeth A. Mumford, Wm. Lavender, Julius Billetta Jr., Carl Bassett, James B. Watson Jr., T. C. Jones, C. L. Berry, Salt Lake City.

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